

The Violent Wave

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Summary: Hiccup never thought he would be glad to be separated from Toothless, until his greatest fear became a terrible reality. Dagur x Hiccup brutal, bloody torture and NON-CON whichisthepoliticallycorecttermforrape, M for a reason. STOP BEING SHOCKED PEOPLE I WARN YOU TWICE! If you ignore both the warnings in this summary AND in the authors note within, that's your fault not mine!

The Violent Wave

****_BEFORE YOU READ: _****Brutal, bloody torture and NON-CON, mature content warning for a damn good reason! This was not written to be "hawt" or "smexy," though it will probably do a pretty good job at feeding someone's non-con fetish. This fic portrays torture and rape for the brutal, violating, and horrific events that they are. Read at your own risk.

Bog Burglars â€" An all female Viking tribe from the book series

Camicazi â€" Bog Burglar heiress and, in the books, Hiccup's best friend

The Norns â€" In Norse mythology, the three Norns were the guardians of fate and destiny; sort of like sub-goddesses.

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><p>The battle had left Toothless injured and unable to fly even with Hiccup. His left wing was broken and skin was torn to the bone. Though Hiccup still had his shield and Gobber's light-as-a-feather Grunkle Iron sword, he still felt exposed and helpless against the onslaught of Berserker soldiers that poured into his village.<p>

"Hide him," Hiccup had ordered Astrid and Snotlout, the only two riders with dragons large enough to carry Toothless as well as the fortitude to keep his secret. "Hide him somewhere where even I would never find him."

Dagur was Hel-bent on taking the legendary dragon for his own, and if Toothless refused to submit to the Berserker chief, he would undoubtedly be killed. Hiccup's greatest fear was that he would somehow be captured and that Dagur would use every sick method he could conjure from his deranged mind to force him to give up the injured Night Fury. Hiccup could not fathom that any level of torture would break him to the point that he would condemn Toothless, but nevertheless he could not take even the slightest chance.

Hiccup never thought he would be glad to be separated from his best friend, until his greatest fear became a terrible reality.

The last thing Hiccup remembered before everything went black was fighting an enemy insurgent sword-to-sword and hearing heavy, dangerous pounding of boots approaching behind him too fast for him to even think of turning around.

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Hiccup did not rouse slowly. Instead he awakened with a start to a crashing sound like a door slamming. He heard slow, heavy footsteps, and through his terror almost did not realize that he could not see. His eyes hurt and felt pressed shut. Course rope bound his hands behind his back. He tried to twist his wrists, but when he did the fibers bit painfully into his skin. He wasn't sure but he thought it might have drawn blood. Stretching his legs, he could feel his prosthetic left foot was missing and his right foot was lacking its boot. Hiccup was also almost immediately aware of a gentle rocking motion as well as the sound of more footsteps, though these sounded like they were up in the air. He was almost certain as to where he was whenâ€|

"Good Morning, Sunshine," a sickeningly familiar voice greeted, followed by a low, dark chuckle.

"Dagur," Hiccup growled from behind clenched teeth in retort. "What a lovely surprise."

"Let's drop the pleasantries, shall we. I know your dragon was injured when Captain Roald's bola shot the two of you down. That's why he wasn't with you when my men captured you." When Hiccup did not reply, Dagur nodded (though Hiccup could not see it but knew the chief well enough to picture it) and sighed in satisfaction. "I love it when I'm right. So, Hiccup, where is it?"

Hiccup pushed himself up with one shoulder and to his own surprise managed to bring himself up to a kneeling position. "I'll never tell you where Toothless is, Dagur." Of course Hiccup could not tell Dagur where Toothless was with any greater accuracy than he could tell him Odin's favorite color because the dragon was hidden somewhere unknown to him. But Hiccup would never let Dagur know that in fear of putting targets on the backs of Astrid and Snotlout.

Dagur sighed. "Perhaps you would be more conversationally inclined if I removed this."

Hiccup could feel Dagur's hand move toward his face before he felt a sharp cut on his temple just before the blindfold fell away. Hiccup blinked painfully in the dim light. Colorful spots clouded his vision while his eyes adjusted. He could see Dagur now, who regarded a hunting knife in his hand thoughtfully. Hiccup felt blood drip down his face. It tickled so he nudged his cheek against his shoulder to wipe it away.

His eyes darted every which way, not out of panic but out of necessity to evaluate his surroundings. The only source of light was the sun shining thru small windows up high on the walls just below the sealing, which was actually the deck of the ship. He was positive he was below deck now. Throughout the room were stacks of crates and barrels, some open to reveal the supply of swords, axes, maces, crossbows, and bludgeons. Some barrels were marked as containing food, water, lamp oil and mead. Of all the things surrounding him, it was not the daunting weapons that glinted in the spare light or the one barrel at the top of a pile that seemed dangerously close to tipping, but a pile of furs and wool blankets that caught Hiccup's eyes the most. Perhaps it was because Hiccup wished he had one. He was cold.

"Welcome to the flagship the Violent Wave," Dagur greeted with mock politeness and a wide, devious smile, a smile that suddenly turned into an indignant expression that was apparently Dagur's version of a pout. "My father named it, not me." And without warning the smile returned along with pride in the chief's voice. "But despite her boring name, she's the pride of the Berserker armada."

Even from below deck Hiccup could tell that at least the size was impressive. It was at least twice the size of the largest ship in his father's fleet.

"But enough of that. I'm talking too much."

"Just now figuring that out, are you?"

Dagur laughed much more loudly than should ever be necessary. "Oh, even tied up bleeding, you still bring the funny, Hiccup!"

The laughter stopped abruptly and Dagur shoved his knife toward Hiccup's face. Hiccup had to tilt his head back to avoid being cut again.

"No more funny, Hiccup. See these weapons?" he punctuated his rhetorical question with a sweeping gesture around the room, "I can use any and all of these babies to make you talk, so save yourself some unnecessary suffering and tell me what I want to know. Where's the Night Fury?"

"I've already told you, Dagur. I'll never tell you where Toothless is."

"That is the stupidest name for a dragon I've ever heard!" Dagur exclaimed, throwing his knife backward across the room where it landed in a pile of other weapons. "It's worse than this ship's stupid name."

Hiccup saw Dagur raise his hand and he braced himself for the hit

that he knew was coming. The back of Dagur's hand struck hard against Hiccup's cheek with a resounding smack that stung at first and then burned. The salty tang of blood filled his mouth and he spit, purposely aiming at Dagur's boots. He knew he would suffer for it later, but he could not help the feeling of satisfaction at seeing red splatter against the tanned leather.

Dagur yelled angrily and kicked his captive in the chest, sending him falling to the ground. Hiccup gasped for breath when he hit the ground and he was sure that the crack he had heard meant that at least one rib was broken.

"That was really stupid, Hiccup!"

"Not as stupid as you thinking you can convince me to betray my dragon, Dagur."

"Oh, you'll betray him," Dagur assured and reached inside a nearby crate, producing a long whip from within. He cracked it in the air, making Hiccup flinch. "I have ways of making that happen, Hiccup. Trust me. You won't last long."

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Hiccup had tried to hold in the scream that built inside of him. He had bitten his tongue until he drew even more blood and held his breath until his lungs felt as if they could explode. By the time the fifth lash of Dagur's whip fell across his chest, however, he could no longer contain the searing agony. He released his held breath and with it a painful cry that made his own ears ring.

Dagur laughed sadistically. "Finally. I thought you'd never break at that rate."

"I WILL never break!" Hiccup said with contempt and spit more blood from his mouth.

"Why are you so stubborn, Hiccup? You can't win and you know it."

"I'm a Viking! We all have stubbornness issues."

Hiccup half expected Dagur to reprimand him for his use of sarcasm, but instead he only cracked the whip in the air, sending drops of Hiccup's blood raining thru the air, some splashing onto Dagur's face.

Dagur licked his lips, catching some of the blood than landed there. "_Mmm_", I've always wondered what someone else blood would taste like. Yours is delicious."

"You're sick!"

"Hello! Deranged, remember?" Dagur finished cleaning the whip off in his hand and licked his fingers, moving his tongue slowly to savor the flavor.

Hiccup screwed his eyes shut and turned his face away from his tormentor. Of all the humiliations he had faced in his life, the fact that Dagur was now tasting, _enjoying_ his blood was quite possibly

the most mortifying. And judging from the look in Dagur's wild eyes, he knew it would only get worse. His embarrassment only served to strengthen his defiance. He would never let this sick man break him.

Hiccup heard the whip drop to the floor and then a metallic clattering. His morbid curiosity forced him to look back in the direction of his captor just in time to see him produce yet another weapon from the same crate that the whip had come from. It was a mace, but a miniature mace, so small that it (if not for the tiny razor-sharp spikes) could be an infant's toy.

"Do you like this one?" Dagur asked, twirling the minute weapon between his fingers. "It's made for concealment. Bog Burglars hide these in their bosoms to use against undesirable men who get a little too handsy. We Berserker warriors, however, really have no need for such a weapon. Unless, of cores, we're trying to coax little Hooligan boys into telling us the location of injured Night Furies."

By this time Hiccup had worked his exhausted body back into a kneeling position. "Good. You can give that one to Camicazi for her birthday next month because it won't get you any closer to Toothless!"

"You know, I should get her something nice this year, but I don't think she'll want this once it's stained with your blood. But tell me where the Night Fury is and I'll tie a dainty little bow around it. I'll even say it was from you."

"I seriously doubt you could tie a bow, Dagur. Besides, I already know what I'm giving her."

"And what would that be?" Dagur mocked. "Flowers? Candy? A steamy romp in your 'secret' cove?"

Hiccup glared at Dagur thru the auburn bangs that hung down in his face. "A ride on Toothless."

Dagur cursed something unintelligible and swung the mini-mace downward. Hiccup did not have time to brace himself for this hit before the weapon struck him on the side of his head, knocking him down again. Hiccup hoped the gods would show him mercy and allow him to fall unconscious from the blow, but he felt the splitting headache and the torn skin on his scalp that practically gushed blood too much to think it would actually happen. He groaned and squirmed, unable to twist his body into a position that would lessen any pain.

"Give it up Hiccup. It only gets worse for you now."

"Go to Hel!" Hiccup slurred.

Dagur dropped to his knees on the dirty, bloody floor and pushed Hiccup down flat on his chest, angering the lashes from the whip. He grabbed Hiccup's left leg, holding tightly with one hand between the knee and the amputation.

"_Nnn_-" Hiccup almost protested with the word "no" but stopped himself and instead struggled in vain to wriggle out of Dagur's grasp.

Dagur laughed at his prisoner's futile struggle. "Give up the dragon!"

"NO!"

Dagur swung the mini-mace again, and this time the spiked head collided with the stub of Hiccup's left leg, eliciting an unbridled howl of agony. Fire hotter than any flame known to man or gods lit up inside the bone and rushed thru his leg and up his spine until it reached the already unbearable headache and made his vision go white. Hiccup continued to gasp for breaths to fuel his screams as the pain spread thru every fiber of his being. His body thrashed uncontrollably and he kicked with his good leg at Dagur who still held tightly to his bad leg, clenching it between his arm and his chest to hold his grip. Whether any of Hiccup's kicks hit home he could not possibly tell. Eventually the struggling ceased and the pain subsided just barely enough so that Hiccup could forcibly quell his own screams into strained sobs and groans.

"Think you could take another hit like that?" Dagur growled.

"NO!" Hiccup protested in spite of himself.

"Then where's the dragon?"

Hiccup choked on a sob and shook his head. No matter the torture, he would never give up Astrid and Snotlout. It would literally be condemning his girlfriend, his cousin, and his best friend all three in one fell swoop.

Never.

He felt Dagur's body twist before another blow from the mini-mace struck his leg. Though it was still indescribably painful, the pain was not as intense because of the residual pain from the last blow. Just like before the pain traveled upward until it reached his head that now felt cloudy and light. Slowly the agony began to float away and his earlier prayer for unconsciousness was finally answered when, for the second time that day, Hiccup's world went black.

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The first thing Hiccup knew when he began to come too was that his head still hurt. He rolled over from his stomach to his side and opened his eyes slowly, squinting against the light that made his headache worse.

His memory was cloudy and he thought he knew where he was and what was going on, but he was not absolutely certain wheatear it was real or a nightmare. Looking around he could tell he was still below deck of a ship, but in his haze he was still confused.

Hiccup groaned and voiced his confusion, "What in the name of-

"â€|Odin's eye is going on?" someone finished his sentence.

That someone was standing close by, no more than a foot or so behind Hiccup.

"What are you still doing here, Dagur?" His confusion was gone now and he was once again fully aware of the situation. "I thought you would have given up by now."

"You know, I could say the same about you." Dagur stepped over Hiccup and knelt down on one knee in front of him, staring down at the face that was caked in semi-dried blood. "It's amazing how in tune we are with each other. Remember what I said to you on Dragon Island?" When Hiccup did not reply, Dagur continued, "We're both born leaders, both sons of chiefs" the Berserker took Hiccup's chin, surprisingly gently, and tilted his prisoner's face upward. Their eyes met. "And now we're both equally desperate to possess the Night Fury."

Hiccup was not going to waste energy arguing with Dagur, that he did not possess Toothless, and that the two of them were an inseparable team. "That's where the similarities end, Dagur. We're nothing alike. If we were, you would have died on Dragon Island that night."

"So you would have killed me?" Dagur's tone was not one of mocking, but rather of genuine intrigue.

"I should have." Hiccup by no means believed that. He was not even sure why he said it, though he could guess the answer was as simple as he was angry in pain.

Dagur hummed thoughtfully and then chuckled darkly. "By all rights you should have killed me, Hiccup. But you didn't. You won't kill, not because you're diplomatic or progressive or noble, but because you're weakling and a coward."

"Yeah, I'm the weak coward who's endured your torture to protect his best friend and you're the brave and mighty chief who had his thugs capture a sixteen year old heir who's half his size to get what he wants."

Hiccup had no idea where this sudden burst of fighting spirit had come from, but he liked it. He knew he would suffer for it just like he had when he had spit blood on Dagur's boots, but he was going to fight Dagur every step of the way for as long as he was able to speak.

And indeed he did suffer for it because no sooner than the words had passed his lips that Dagur let go of his chin and punched him in the mouth. It was a double hit, because when Dagur's hand hit Hiccup's face, Hiccup's head hit the floor.

"Oh, look," Dagur sounded like an excited child. "You're bleeding again."

Dagur did not taste Hiccup's blood from his fingers as he had before. Instead he raised Hiccup's face up by the chin again, leaned his own face down, licked the salty red fluid from Hiccup's chin as it trickled out of the corner of his lip.

Hiccup cringed. "You disgust me."

Dagur smiled from ear to ear. "You arouse me."

Hiccup jerked out of Dagur's grip and pushed himself with his good leg (his hands were still bound painfully behind his back) as far

back from Dagur as he could until he was backed up against a wall.

"What?!"

"You heard me." Dagur stood and crept toward Hiccup. "The sound of your screams," he paused to lick his lips, "The taste of your blood," Dagur dropped to his knees again and roughly grabbed Hiccup's arm. Hiccup tried to pull away, but the chief's grip held tight. "The feeling of you struggling against me, it's all so invigorating I couldâ€¦" Slowly, Dagur's look changed from delight to realization. "I could!"

Before Hiccup could even finish thinking "could _what_?" let alone reply, Dagur's mouth crashed against his. It was like the evil twin of a kiss as Dagur bit, licked, and sucked at the open wounds on Hiccup's lower lip. "I could," he repeated between bites, "I can, and I will."

"Will what?" Hiccup dared to inquire as best he could with his lower lip captive between Dagur's teeth.

Dagur left Hiccup's mouth and put his lips next to his captive's ear. "Take you," he whispered his answer.

Everything within Hiccup froze; he would have sworn his heart even stopped if he didn't know any better. He knew what Dagur meant (he was naive, not _stupid_) but there was no way he could wrap his head around _that_. "T-take-?"

"I'll take you, own you, ruin you, defile youâ€¦" he let his sentence trail off and grabbed Hiccup's head by his hair, pulled head back to expose his neck and bit down hard.

Hiccup cried out, not just in pain but also in sheer terror. Hiccup had mentally prepared himself for a variety of means of torture: flogging, stretching, sensory deprivation, and systematic bone breaking had all been scenarios he had easily imagined happening. But thisâ€¦_this_ was something that happened to the maidens of conquered villages, _not_ to prisoners of war.

Dagur's mouth never left Hiccup's neck when he ripped open the boy's tunic, an easy task since it was already shredded from the five lashes he had administered with the whip earlier. He pulled it over the this shoulders and all the way down Hiccup's arms, having to stop at his bound hands. He tugged at the top of Hiccup's leggings, but found them difficult to remove with his victim sitting.

"Lift your hips," he ordered.

Hiccup did not object, nor did he comply. Dagur, having no patience, growled in frustration. "Fine!" he shouted.

Hiccup yelped when Dagur grabbed his hair with both hands and threw him forward, sending him crashing and sliding on the floor face first. With Hiccup laying face down, Dagur was able to pull the leggings and underwear down and off with out a hitch, leaving Hiccup completely naked save for the shredded fabric hanging from his tied wrists.

Dagur's signature manacle laughter filled the cabin and Hiccup curled his exposed body into the tightest ball he could manage without the use of his arms. He tried desperately to blink back his tears and swallow down his sobs, but it was useless. Forget the blood drinking; this was mortifying. This was violating, this wasâ€¦

This was torture.

Dagur rummaged thru the weapon crate for a third time, this time choosing another hunting knife. He used his new knife to cut thru the knotted binds around Hiccup's wrists, as well as the remainder of once-green tunic. "Glad you can move now?" Dagur asked cheerfully before he laughed and his tone went dark once more. "Hands and knees. Now."

Just because Hiccup's arms were no longer bound did not mean he could actually move them. A tingling, prickling, hot, and icy sensation shot up from the tips of his fingers to his shoulders and back down again when he tried. It was much like the feeling he was very used to getting in his good leg when he would sit awkwardly at his desk for too long, only this was exponentially worse from being forced to hold the uncomfortable position for what had probably been hours on end. He had no idea how long his hands had been bound or how long he had been aboard the Violent Wave, but that was the farthest thing from his mind. At the moment he was only focused on figuring out how to get his arms to move. As he continued to struggle and slowly regained normal feeling, he could hear that Dagur, who stood behind him, was not still.

Dagur watched the struggling prisoner with a wicked grin on he face. He unfastened the clasp on his belt buckle, letting the belt and leather skirting fall to the floor. He lifted his tunic and pushed down his pants just far enough to allow his semi-erect member to emerge. He held the knife in one hand and himself in the other, stroking himself leisurely and humming in satisfaction. "I'm loosing my patience with you, Hiccup," he taunted in a singsong manner. "And, don't worry, I'm about to warm you up."

Hiccup knew Dagur must have noticed him shivering, partly from the cold on his bare body and partly from the fear that pierced him far deeper than any low temperature ever could. Somehow, past all of his pain and exhaustion and dread, he managed to comply with Dagur and push himself up onto his hands and knees.

Dagur hummed a nonsensical tune as he walked past Hiccup, trailing his knife along his back, hot pushing hard enough to break the skin but enough to cause a painful prickling feeling. Once he was in front of the boy, he knelt down, placing his dick just inches from Hiccup's face. Hiccup wanted to look away, to turn his head and close his eyes in horror and disgust, but for all his strength he cold not turn from the sight before him.

"Open your mouth, Hiccup," Dagur ordered, "Get me ready to take you. And don't even think about biting me or I'll yank out every one of those crooked little teeth."

Whether it was in protest to opening his mouth or the prospect of having his teeth pulled, Hiccup shouted an instinctive, "NO!"

Dagur used this opportunity to push himself past the open lips all

the way in until Dagur's hips collided with Hiccup's face. Hiccup gagged when the intruding organ hit the back of his throat. He had no earthly idea what his abuser expected this sickening act to entail, and he was to repulsed and just plain hurt to really care. He held the rounded shape of his mouth while thrust against his face gripping and pulling his hair with both hands. He was only able to breath thru his nose, and even that was extremely difficult. His lungs began to burn from lack of oxygen.

Dagur huffed and grunted while his back and forth, in and out, with no particular rhythm or care for the prisoner he now used for his own pleasure. "Mmâ€|Who would have know that â€| Ah - that mouth of yours was good for more than just - ooh, yes - sassy comebacks?" With that Dagur pulled out with an obscene wet pop. "I think I'm ready for you now. Just one more thing before the fun really begins."

As soon as Dagur left him, Hiccup collapsed to the floor, coughing and gasping for the air he had been deprived of. He spit with what little saliva his parched mouth could produce in desperate attempt to expel the bitter, rancid taste left by Dagur. What had Dagur said as he walked away toward the crates? Something about "the fun." He was already filthy, bloody, naked, violated and humiliated on the cabin floor. How much worse could it possibly get? Hiccup dared not wonder that for long, knowing that the Norns did not enjoy being tempted. Dagur had made it very clear that this would be going all the way, and he imagined that it would prove extremely painful. And degrading. And terrifying. Hiccup also imagined that, once Dagur had, in his own words, "defiled" him that he would no longer have it in him to fight Dagur. He was on the razors edge of breaking. He knew it. He hated himself for allowing it. But he had to fight one last time.

"You won't get away with this, Dagur. My dragon forces-"

"Are all but annihilated!" the Berserker interrupted, now returning with a bottle of lamp oil in his hands. "Not even you can really be so naive to think that in all the ships in my armada, you're the ONLY prisoner aboard; that your Night Fury is the ONLY downed dragon!"

At those words, Hiccup gasped in terror. Horrifying possibilities filled his mind. What if the ground soldiers had already been defeated and Berk already overtaken? What if his father had already been assassinated? What if Astrid and Snotlout had already been captured and were at this very moment being interrogated about Toothless and being subjected to the same torment he had faced. And for a beautiful young shieldmaiden like Astridâ€|

"A-Astrid," Hiccup whispered before he knew the word was even coming and clapped both hands over his mouth in fear that one more syllable would give her away.

"Worried for your pretty little girlfriend now?" Dagur once again dropped to his knees, this time behind Hiccup. He poured a liberal amount of the oil into his cupped hand and messaged it over his erection, coating himself thoroughly. "Don't worry. She won't want you anymore anyway; not once I'm finished with you."

Hiccup buried his face in his arms in shame. Dagur was right. Astrid would never touch him, let alone let him touch her, ever again. They

had come so close to kissing, really kissing and not just chaste picks, just before the battle had begun. But they had been interrupted by the sound of the alarm telling the village that it was time to take up their weapons, mount their dragons, and start fighting. He knew it would never happen now even if they both by Freya's mercy survived this war.

"_Tsk, tsk, tsk_, poor, poor Hiccup. Ruined for marriageâ€|"

He would be ruined; was already ruined. "Shut up!" Hiccup rasped out, voice quivering but still coming thru with as much malice as he felt; his final protest.

With no further warning and absolutely no preparation, Dagur pushed in his entire length with one overpowering trust.

Hiccup's entire body tensed and locked and he knew that was making the pain that much worse but he simply could not relax himself to any degree. He wanted to scream; to kick, to breathe, to do something other than lay there stark and paralyzed. He sucked in a strangled breath when Dagur pulled half way out. A scream like that of a dying animal ripped thru him when Dagur slammed back in and tightened his grip on his hips. His whole body shuddered and shook. His eyes were blown wide in shock and terror, though he kept his face hidden in the crook of his elbow so that his brutal attacker would not have the pleasure of seeing the torment written there. This also served to muffle his scream. He was ashamed for his outcries as the attack persisted. But they were filled not only with agony, but also with conviction and loathing for the man who was causing them. If he could use his cries to channel his rage, he might be able to stomach the thought of himself.

Maybe.

Dagur moaned loudly with sick pleasure and he cursed obscenities as he mercilessly degraded the boy beneath him. He paused his assault only long enough to adjust them. He pulled Hiccup's hips upward so his ass stuck up in the air and pushed down on his back so his chest pressed against the floor. Dagur leaned forward and placed his hands on either side of Hiccup's shoulders. This position limited the strength of his thrusts, which he made up for by picking up speed.

"I always knewâ€|you'd feelâ€|so goodâ€|" Dagur huffed in labored breath in Hiccup's ear. "Godsâ€|what took meâ€|so longâ€|to do thisâ€|?"

Dagur's breath slipped thru the small gap between Hiccup's arm and face. A fowl stench like sour yak milk mixed with stale mead invaded his nostrils, making his stomach flip.

Hiccup was relieved when Dagur's moans turned to full-fledged pleasure cries and his thrusts became even more erratic, because he knew it meant that the invasion was almost over. Dagur sat back up on his knees and gripped Hiccup's hips, blunt fingernails digging into tender flesh. He drove in as hard and fast as he possible could, shouting vulgarities that Hiccup tuned out. Then the chief's body suddenly stilled and he practically howled the way he had at the campfire during their encounter on Dragon Island. Hiccup could feel it: Dagur's seed coursing into him like a boiling riverâ€|

A violent wave.

Finally it was over and Dagur was pulling out and removing his awful weight from Hiccup.

"That," Dagur said, standing, "Was well worth the frustration your insolence has caused. But was it worth it for you, Hiccup? Doing all of this just to protect some dragon?"

Was it worth it, Hiccup thought? He had said time and time again that he would do anything for Toothless or for Astrid. Even Snotlout, cantankerous as his cousin could be at times, was worth protecting with his life. But _this_? Was this worthâ€|?

He was done.

"I could do that to you again and again," Dagur continued.

"NO!" Hiccup wailed with what was left of his strength.

"I could have you as many times as I wanted you. How much more do you think you could take, Hiccup?"

"No more," Hiccup begged. "I can't take any more, please Dagur, no more, please, please, noâ€|"

"You don't HAVE to take any more. Just give me the dragon and it all ends."

"I don't know where he is," Hiccup finally admitted. He had fought as long and hard as he possibly could but he just could.

Not.

Fight.

Anymore.

Hiccup curled back into a ball and lifted his head out of the little cave he had formed with his arms. "After Toothless was injured, I ordered Astrid and Snotlout to hide himâ€|not to tell me where he was so if I was captured I couldn't give him up. Please believe me, Dagur. I don't know where they hid him."

The cabin was deathly silent for a few unbearable moments until Dagur began to laugh. It started as a rumbling in his chest and slowly grew into a booming laughter that resonated of the cabin walls and shot back at them, shaking Hiccup with the force of what it all meant. Dagur believed him.

"Now all I have to do is use you as bait to trap your little dragon riders. One look at you and they'll shatter to bits and give me the Night Fury! MY Night Fury."

It was over now. He and Astrid and Snotlout were all as good as dead now. Then once Dagur got his hands on Toothless and realized that the dragon would never obey him, Toothless would be dead as well. With three of the five leads (the twins counted as one) in the dragon

forces gone, Berk's advantage would be gone. The Berserkers would easily advance. Overtake Berk. Kill his father.

And it was all his fault.

The next few minutes happened too quickly and unexpectedly for Hiccup to fully process. The ship shook, knocking Dagur off balance. The Berserker almost fell down trying to steady himself.

"What in Hel's nameâ€¦!"

Something swiftly passed in front of the windows from the outside, and Hiccup could have sworn he saw a flash of red and orange. He dared not get his hopes up, but he wondered if it couldn't beâ€¦!"

"Snotlout, Snotlout, Oi Oi, Oi!" came his cousin's signature battle cry just before the ship shook violently again. This time Dagur did fall down, cursing and scrambling towards the stairs that lead up to the deck.

One barrel at the top of a stack, the one that Hiccup had noticed when his blindfold had first been removed, fell and crashed on top of the frantic chief, breaking open and sending water splashing in every direction. Dagur stopped moving, and Hiccup concluded with a weak joy that the blow had knocked Dagur unconscious. He could hear the Berserkers above deck shouting and splashing into the water below.

The hatch opened and light flooded the room; Hiccup blinked rapidly to help his eyes adjust. He felt both hopeful and terrified. He wanted desperately to be rescued, but that meant someone would see him in such a wrecked state. But what did it matter. His dignity was already shot, was it not?

A pair of boots stomped quickly down the steps. His rescuer stopped at the bottom, looked at Dagur's unconscious body, and then looked straight at Hiccup wearing a look of pure horror.

Astrid.

"Sweet suffering Freya, HICCUP!" she screamed and rushed to his side. She dropped to her knees obviously not caring if she got her leggings filthy and bloody. "What did he..." She looked at his bare body over frantically; the color drained from her face when her eyes settled on his blood-smeared thighs.

Hiccup reburied his face in his arms in shame.

He could tell she knew.

"Astridâ€¦!" he cried into his arms, "Astrid, I'm sorry."

"No. Don't start, don't do that."

"I brokeâ€¦I gave you awayâ€¦I told Dagurâ€¦!"

"Sh, sh, none of that. I'm here now. He won't hurt you anymore." Astrid gently brushed her fingers thru his hair, but pulled away quickly when her motion that was meant to be comforting mad Hiccup

flinch. She looked down to see that her fingers were wet with blood.
"We need to cover you up."

The shieldmaiden glanced around the room looking for something to use to cover Hiccup. She found the pile of furs and blankets that had earlier caught Hiccup's attention. She went to the pile and dug for the biggest warmest looking blanket she could find. When she found one she was happy with she returned to Hiccup and helped him sit up, wrapping him up in the soft fur throw and leaning him against her. She tried to lift his spirits, telling him Berk's army had beaten the Berserker fleet back behind the sea stacks; there were no more Berserkers on land. His father was safe, and the other riders and dragons were all right as well. Ruffnut was injured but still fighting.

"Toothless?"

"He's safe," Astrid assured him. "Miserable, but safe." She smiled sadly. "Kind of like you right now."

"Astrid!" they heard Snotlout call from deck. "The ship's burning down and it'll sink soon. We need to get off it now!"

"Snotlout, Hiccup's down here. Help me get him on deck."

"What?!"

Snotlout bounded down the stairs and raced toward them. "What inâ€|how didâ€|" he stammered, utterly shocked at the sight of them.

"We can play twenty questions later, Snotlout. Just pick him up. I can't carry him."

Snotlout gathered his barely-conscious cousin in his strong arms and carried him up the stairs, followed closely by Astrid. The two were so focused on getting Hiccup safely off of the _Violent Wave_ that neither acknowledged the slowly rousing Dagur on the floor just feet away.

"It will be better if I carry him on Stormfly," Astrid said once they were above deck and Astrid was atop her Nadder.

For once Snotlout did not argue; he only lifted Hiccup onto Stormfly. Astrid cradled Hiccup's head in one arm and took the reigns with the other. The two dragons were in the air just in time before the pride of the Berserker armada began to fall apart.

End
file.